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AN
(Lincoln, A.)
FRANCIS



RELICS
OF THE WAR OF THE
REBELLION

AVTOGRAPHS OF
SOLDIERS
SAILORS
AND
GOVT OFFICIALS

THE LINCOLN
MEMORIAL
COLLECTION

Collected by **JULIUS E. FRANCIS**

PROPERTY OF THE

• LINCOLN BIRTHDAY ASSOCIATION
IN THE ROOMS OF THE
• BUFFALO HISTORICAL SOCIETY
• YOUNG MEN'S LIBRARY BUILDING
BUFFALO N.Y.



THE

Abraham

Lincoln Memorial

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1887.

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BOOKS.

TRIBUTE OF THE NATIONS TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN,	. . .	1 VOLUME.
HISTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS,	. . .	5 VOLUMES.
HISTORY OF CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS, 1861 to 1865,	. . .	1 VOLUME.
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S REPORT, INDIANA, 1861 to 1865,	. . .	8 VOLUMES.
“ “ “ PENNSYLVANIA, 1866,	. . .	1 VOLUME.
“ “ “ VERMONT, 1864, 1866,	. . .	4 VOLUMES.
“ “ “ MISSOURI, 1865,	. . .	1 VOLUME.
“ “ “ TENNESSEE, 1866,	. . .	1 VOLUME.
“ “ “ CONNECTICUT,	. . .	6 VOLUMES.
SANITARY COMMISSION,	. . .	1 VOLUME.
HARPER'S "WEEKLY,"	. . .	25 VOLUMES.
NEW-YORK "TIMES,"	. . .	33 VOLUMES.
BUFFALO "COMMERCIAL,"	. . .	34 VOLUMES.
BUFFALO "EXPRESS,"	. . .	6 VOLUMES.



LINCOLN MEMORIAL.



THE "Lincoln Memorial Collection" comprises three cases of relics of the late War, in which are contained Battlefield Relics from Gettysburg, Antietam, Bull Run, etc., with autographs of ten thousand three hundred and twenty-two soldiers and sailors who fought in the War; with their rank, regiment, date of enlistment, and discharge, including the battles in which they were engaged. Also one thousand five hundred autographs of the "Forty-third Congress," etc., the U. S. Supreme Court Judges and other prominent Government officials. Also two volumes, containing a complete collection of the illustrated envelopes used during the War, with complete bound copies of the NEW-YORK "TIMES," HARPER'S "WEEKLY," BUFFALO "COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER," and part of the copies of the BUFFALO "EXPRESS." Also scrap-books and histories of the War, Adjutant-General's reports, coast survey, etc. In the collection of these relics Mr. Julius E. Francis visited the battlefields and attended various meetings of veterans. He began the collection of relics in 1861 and was engaged five years in completing the "Autograph Memorial" volume.

"The Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Case" (No. 1) contains seventy-six Battlefield Trophies, numbered from 1 to 76, and handsomely mounted. Also 127 volumes. This case was dedicated May 3, 1872, at the Grosvenor

Library, Hon. Millard Fillmore presiding. The following being a copy of the programme of exercises :

DEDICATORY EXERCISES

HELD AT

. . . THE GROSVENOR LIBRARY . . .

At 12 M., Friday, May 3, 1872.

Mr. MILLARD FILLMORE, President of the Grosvenor Library, presiding.

PROGRAMME.

I. REQUIEM, CHOIR.

Low lie the brave ! They sleep in ocean's bed,
The sea-weed wreathed about the noble head.
Proud navies float above them, but no sound
Can win them from the silence they have found;
The mournful breezes murmur each dear name,
The chanting waves are burdened with their fame.

Low lie the brave ! The consecrated land
Is holy with the dust of Freedom's band.
They sleep on mountain, and in hidden vale,
Unwaked by summer wind, or wintry gale,
And in green mead, or on the barren crest
The patient stars watch o'er their soldier rest.

Low lie the brave ! Far toward the western sun,
He sleeps whose blessed life a crown hath won ;
A stricken country bowed beside his tomb,
Whereon the fair white flowers of freedom bloom.
Low lie the brave ! Oh, nation, guard their dust,
And keep unstained their peerless, priceless trust.

MARY A. RIPLEY.

II. PRAYER, Rev. Mr. MULLER.

III. ADDRESS, Rev. Mr. FLETCHER.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: The part assigned me, in this pleasant service, is one into the spirit of which I enter with all my sympathies; and though my words may be poorly chosen I am deeply impressed with the importance of the occasion and the appropriateness of the work we came to do.

Everything that has even an indirect reference to the welfare of our country, and everything awakening patriotic emotions, is both important and appropriate; and we cannot but feel that the ceremonies of this hour, and the work they initiate, will help the poor dumb mouths of these War-relics to continue their mission, saying now and always what they proclaimed, nine years ago,

“No star shall fall from the banner of the free.”

There is an old adage, largely true, in which we are told that the cost of our acquisitions is the measure of the estimate we place upon them. Our civil liberties, the bases of our religious privileges, social joys and Christian work, have cost our nation a triple baptism of blood, an ocean of tears, and untold millions of earthly treasures. Our estimate of those liberties can hardly be too high; and that which reminds us of their cost, will help us to prize them as we ought. For years before the great rebellion, many of our people, and some of our rulers had almost ceased to think of “the days that tried men’s souls”: — of the sufferings of a bare-footed soldiery — the dreadful winter at Valley Forge, and the fields of blood at Bunker Hill, Trenton, Yorktown, and Saratoga, so far in the past were they, and so few were the objects, daily encountered, that called them to mind.

Our flag was then more beautiful than ever before, for every decade of years had added new stars to its glorious constellation; yet the sight of it did not so thrill the soul with patriotic pride as in the early years of our republic.

The Fourth of July had come to be little more to our American citizens than any other holiday, and was only too often allowed to pass,

“While cannon’s throats were closed,
Bells silent and not a bonfire
Kindled on Freedom’s heights.”

And when it *was* observed, in the ancient, honored form, if orators presumed to point to the stars and stripes, making such reference to them as common decency demanded, their proudest and most loyal words were frequently ridiculed as spread-eagle and old-fogyish.

But when the thunders around Sumter sent echoes into all parts of the northern and western States — when in the light of blazing batteries, men saw the value of the institutions which true patriotism planted, — then the old flag became dearer than ever before, and the heart of the nation was thrilled with a new joy, as it was hung out from windows and towers, and streamed from house-tops, steeples and public buildings until our towns and cities were literally decorated with bunting. Men rallied around that ensign of liberty ready as their fathers of the revolution were to

pledge their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor in sustaining it, and now, as the safety of institutions, threatened and attacked, is secured again, we would profit, not only by the achievement, but by the lesson which it teaches.

We gather here, that we may say to the people of this city, and to all who shall visit these treasured memories, "The cost of our nation's third sacrifice must not be forgotten."

The lives and the treasure of that unparalleled holocaust must be kept in mind by our descendants while centuries roll; and we therefore place these silent, but eloquent monitors, that will speak to all, who may share the benefits of this splendid benefaction, of the fields of Antietam and Gettysburg, where the dead were piled like hecatombs; of the defenses of Washington, where our heroes upheld the stars and stripes, shouting their invincible war-cry, "The Union Forever!" and of that naval combat, where the proud Merrimac, laughing in derision at our little Monitor, felt sensations in her sides that took all conceit out of her, and sent her back to her anchorage disgusted with our first iron-clad.

The importance of this enterprise appears in the fact that nine short years have so crowded the days of those conflicts into the past, that they seem a quarter of a century gone, and only a little is said of them.

The living veterans of those fields do not forget them. They dream of the bloody strife, and often spring from peaceful pillows, to lead the charge, or storm the batteries anew and we need not fear but they will cherish patriotic memories of those struggles, until, like the heroes of '76, in an old age of glory and honor, they shall "Take up the crutch, and show how fields were won." But the people, in the midst of their planning and toiling for riches and power *are* forgetting the Golgothics of the rebellion; and our fellow-citizen, Doctor Julius Francis, for whom I speak, on this occasion, desires to re-letter the tablets of patriotic memory, and grave on young hearts, of this and succeeding generations, the startling facts, which show how much our civil liberties have cost us.

He has gathered relics, some with his own hands, and some through other friends of this enterprise, from the field of conflict. I dedicate them in the name of the sacred places, of which they will forever speak, in the name of those institutions which they helped to defend, in the name of civil and religious liberty, to the sacred memory of Abraham Lincoln and the soldiers and sailors who fought for their country under him as our Chief Magistrate.

Let them occupy a prominent position while the years and centuries roll. May they be preserved from the flames, and may no traitor's touch ever pollute them.

When the young shall gather here, seeking that food for thought, or that knowledge of the past, which is treasured in these alcoves, may these relics invite their attention to the fearful struggle through which, in the face of the most powerful rebellion ever organized on earth, our heroes upheld the dear old flag, and then, with desire to know what battles were fought, what heroes won the right to fadeless honor, what price of blood, and what millions of gold the victory cost, may they turn to the histories of that conflict, to be found on these shelves, and reading of Meade and Gettysburg, Grant and Vicksburg, Sheridan and his ride to victory, Sherman and the raid which drew the girdle of death around the heart of the rebellion, of Farragut, Porter and other brave commanders, as they passed obstructions, captured strongholds, and won the applause of all

nations, may they catch the inspiration of true patriotism, and, with a new love for those blessings which have cost so much, be ever ready to rally to the standard upheld in their defense.

My friend asks no return for the labor, care, and expense attending the collection and preparation of these relics save this only: the commendation of his fellow-citizens and the honor of having acted from unselfish and patriotic motives; and he stands here, to-day, with this prayer, as the first petition that springs from his lips: God speak to the hearts of the generations and ages to come, through the lips of these silent monitors, and prosper and sanctify their mission.

IV. HYMN,

CHOIR.

From thrice six thousand guns there came
A crash; the rush of death:
And on the plains of Gettysburg,
Two armies held their breath.

The smoky flame was rent, and lo!
The lives were mown like grass,
And yet another charge swept up,
Over their dead to pass.

Oh! 'twas a bitter, fatal day,
When brothers met in fight,
And rebels charged the Union lines,
Resistless in their might.

It was a useless sacrifice,
For Meade had won the day;
And gathering up their broken hosts
The rebels marched away.

The strife was o'er, the battle done,
And wandering 'mid the wreck,
We gathered shot and sword and shell,
Our halls of peace to deck.

These relics, cleansed from treason's stains,
We dedicate to-day
To Freedom's proud and happy sons,
Where'er our flag holds sway.

I congratulate the citizens of Buffalo in the addition of these treasures to its many collections. I say *treasures* in the fullest meaning of the word. Many may be more ready to apply the term to that which is to be found in the vaults and safes of the bank down stairs.

There you might see, if admitted within the barred doors, piles of glittering gold and silver, heaps of bonds, and stacks of mortgages representing the precious metals,—millions crowded within a narrow space. These are treasures, you exclaim, these impress you with a sense of value, and you come out into the light again dazzled and bewildered.

These shelves loaded with the accumulated wealth of many ages may not so move you. These calm, sober volumes, of which you see only the backs, with their simple names do not wear the sheen of coin,—their leaves, if you turn them over, do not rustle like crisp bank-notes, that give such a trill of delight to the lover of money in their very sound. But yet are not these the real treasures? Lord Bacon says knowledge is power. It does not require the wisdom of a philosopher to add that knowledge is wealth. If we regard the true ends of our being, either for this life or for the future, it is safe to say that these shelves contain what is of more value to the race than all the material riches of the world. It were better to sink all the coin and bullion now in circulation or gathered at the mints, in the depth of the ocean, than to bury in oblivion the stores of learning and knowledge by which we are here surrounded.

The human mind makes its advances by a slow growth, yet each generation, by means of books, can take advantage of all preceding generations, and progress thus be made in an ever increasing ratio. If I turn my thoughts to any subject, philosophical, historical, literary or scientific, I can first make myself acquainted with the ripest conclusions of the best thinkers on that subject, the closest investigators of my chosen theme, I can see at once how much and what is known; what are the points that demand particular attention, and learn in what direction to turn my inquiries. I can discover the worth or the worthlessness of that which I have already established by independent thought, as I have in the library a revelation of the mental processes, or of the results of those who have given their lives to my chosen subject. The answer to some question which I may find recorded here may be of more value to me than can be reckoned in dollars. Books have preserved it. It could not be trusted to tradition, "*Quid scriptum manet*"; but what is written remains only as it is recorded in books and gathered into libraries. He who has laid the foundation and secured the perpetual increase of such an institution as this, has bestowed upon the city a treasure of inestimable worth. Let us not fail, as we are met to-day in these special services, to make an expression of gratitude in memory of him by whose generous gift this library was established, and who has thus conferred upon us a blessing for all time.

Its work must depend, in great degree, upon the wisdom and faithfulness of those to whom is entrusted the selection of its volumes. Thus far its management has been most satisfactory and praiseworthy. We owe a debt of gratitude to those who have with such skill and fidelity extended their mission. May those who have the power of appointment, be able to find, and be willing to nominate when vacancies occur, trusty and as judicious trustees as those who have made it already of so much worth and importance.

To-day we meet to welcome a most valuable case of treasures. This large collection of articles gathered from celebrated battlefields, and from scenes of naval conflict—these files of newspapers, printed during the trying scenes of our nation's great conflict with internal foes, secured and saved at a sacrifice and at considerable expense.

The value of this collection is much greater than may at first appear. Such relics are abundant. Yes, but they are fast disappearing and soon it will be impossible to secure such a collection. It was a plan as wise as it is graceful to gather these memorials now and place them thus for safe keeping where they may remain intact forever. Some have no interest in bones and buttons and bayonets, or in anything that reminds us of the past. Bury all them, they say, with the fossils of the former ages, and leave them to moulder together in the earth. But all are not so unimaginative, and even these might be moved to a deeper regard for the ten commandments by a sight of some fragment of the broken tables of stone. It is said it is not best to preserve these truthful memorials of our most unhappy Civil War, but that it is most desirable, on the return of peace, to forget the strife and dwell together as brethren in all parts of the land, north and south, east and west? Yes, let us dwell together as brethren, but we cannot, must not forget. They must not forget the lesson they received at the cannon's mouth, that the Government is more than any State, that treason and rebellion cannot be tolerated in this republic, that the old flag must wave in its glory as long as the nation has a place among the nations of the earth. And we cannot forget what it has cost to teach this lesson. The cost is on record in millions of debt, in blood and tears,—in mutilation and graves. But all this may be without any continued bitterness, or any wish to renew the strife.

The history of Antietam and Gettysburg is familiar to us. We made it, by ourselves and by our sons and brothers. We know all about the gallant fight of the Monitor. But these memories will fail. The history of the great rebellion will not be written for a record of succeeding generations for many years to come. When it shall be written, and in the far future, your grandsons, or their grandsons, may here peruse the records as we now read the history of the revolution, or of the Indian wars, will it not add new interest to the narrative? Will it not give freshness and vividness and reality to the written account to turn from the printed pages to these silent, but most eloquent witnesses to the truth? Would it not be worth something to us, in perusing the histories of Greece and Rome, if we could see, by the side of the volume, a spear head from Marathon or Thermopylae, or a piece of the banner that graced the triumph of Cæsar at Pharsalia?

The transactions of this hour have a bearing upon the distant future. This collection will increase in value with every passing year and century, and remote generations will bless the memory of him by whose thoughtfulness and care it has been gathered and preserved. It adds greatly to the interest of this occasion that this dedication is made in special remembrance of our noble martyr-president, by whose skillful hands the nation was safely piloted through the terrible storm of the rebellion, and those brave soldiers and sailors who sacrificed their lives for the preservation of the Union.

VI. ODE. Read by Rev. Mr. CALKINS.

Bayonets bruised from the fields of fight,—
Gleanings of shot and shell,—
Things that are cruel and stern to the sight ;
Yet they hold a precious spell.

O ! who can forget when his childhood sense
First woke with a wonder wide —
To the phantom hosts that the grandsire's charm
Evoked round the chimney side !—

To the battle stories gathered up
Out of the olden times;
That were set into pictured pageantry,
And rolled into running rhymes.

They were fearful and bold, and bravely told
And yet only just as true
To our sense, as the fabled fairy rings
That nightly danced in the dew.

That our ears have heard the triumphant word,
And our hearts have felt the thrill
Of the working, through man's works and ways,
Of the everlasting Will.

Now calm lies the desolated land
A-bloom in the gladdening sun,
Like a face overflushed with thankfulness,
For the sweet salvation won.

And we name without a blush of shame,
Because of the wonder done
The land that hath place for each rite and race
And Freedom for every one.

O, a precious spell have the shot and shell !
For they struck with a death aim sure,
The deadliest foe that a land can know,
And left us a Peace all pure.

VII. SONG OF PEACE,

CHOIR.

At the foot of thine altar, Oh, Freedom, we meet,
 Our heart's deep devotion we lay at thy feet ;
 The ocean waves dreamily break on the strand,
 For peace is abroad in the beautiful land.

From myrtle-wreathed marbles o'er Gettysburg graves,
 Or the lone tombs of ocean, where slumber our braves ;
 From the fragrance and bloom of the fair distant West,
 Where the nation's great martyr forever finds rest ;

The winds as they greet us are tranquil to-day,
 And our flag's starry folds in the glad breezes play ;
 The din of the battle forever is o'er,
 And the Angel of Peace shall depart nevermore.

Let the anthem ring out which our voices now raise,
 And the hills speed the echoes that thrill with thy praise ;
 Let the glad song resound from bright sea to sea !
 While our hearts bend to-day, holy Freedom, to thee.

AGNES MACNAMARA.

VIII. BENEDICTION,

Rev. Dr. SHELTON.

List of Relics of the late Rebellion, including many from the great battle-fields of the War, collected by JULIUS E. FRANCIS, contained in Case No. 1 :

No. 1. A piece of iron cut from the starboard side (aft amidships) of the U. S. "*Monitor*," where she received a shot in the engagement with the Rebel ram "*Merrimac*," in Hampton Roads, Va. Also, four iron and nine copper rivets, and two pieces of the casing of the Turret. These articles were obtained while the "*Monitor*" was undergoing repairs at the Washington Navy Yard, October 10, 1862.

No. 2. A bolt and a piece of iron plating from the dome of the Capitol at Washington, D. C. Obtained October 10, 1862.

No. 3. The pattern from which the ornament was cast, forming a portion of the headwork of the Goddess of Liberty, surmounting the dome of the Capitol. From the workshop I obtained this star and ball. Washington, October 10, 1862.

No. 4. A piece of telegraph wire found in the hall of the Arlington House. I accompanied Prof. Gardiner to Arlington Heights, calling on General Heitzelman, and there attached a card to this wire.

No. 5. The fragment of a 20-pound shell used for a 24-pound United States smooth-bore field gun. From General Doubleday, at Fort Albany, Va., commanding. Making known to the general the want of some trophy, he presented me this fragment from a shell used in the defense of Washington, D. C., October 12, 1862.

No. 6. A flint lock, bayonet, heel plate and trigger plate of an old United States musket, found among the ruins at Harper's Ferry, after the surrender of General Miles, which took place September 15, 1862. (The barrel was picked up and carried some distance, but being cumbersome, I abandoned it.)

No. 7. A one-pound hand grenade, complete, excepting the charge, consisting of the plunger to cause explosion, and the rudder to guide its direction. Presented by Col. Jack Langworthy, Fort Ethan Allen. Defense of Washington, D. C., October 12, 1862.

No. 8. The turnings from bore of a field gun. Obtained at the Washington Navy Yard October 12, 1862.

No. 9. Turnings of a field gun. Obtained at the Navy Yard, October 12, 1862.

No. 10. Borings from a gun of the Columbiad pattern. Obtained from the Washington Navy Yard, October 12, 1862.

No. 11. Musket percussion caps, and the remnant of a piece of copper from which they were made. I enjoyed a visit through the works, a privilege seldom allowed visitors at the Navy Yard. Washington, October 12, 1862.

No. 12. A piece of slate from the roof of the Treasury Building. This specimen is from the extension of the west end. Washington, D. C., October 12, 1862.

No. 13. Union soldier's canteen, picked up from the battlefield, near Fairfax Court-House Road. Defenses of Washington, D. C., October, 1862.

No. 14. A bayonet scabbard found in the woods near the battlefield of Antietam, Md., fought Sept. 16, 17, and 18, 1862. October 14, 1862.

No. 15. A leather locket found in the woods near the battlefield of Antietam, Md., October 14, 1862.

No. 16. A Confederate canteen found near the battlefield of Antietam, Md., October 14, 1862.

No. 17. A Union soldier's canteen picked up on the Fairfax Road, 1862.

No. 18. A cap pouch picked up on the field on the night of October 13, 1862. (Spent the night with the father of Elihu and Daniel Faxson — a small house not far from the school.)

No. 19. Two buckles and a stud taken from the halters of artillery harness found upon the battlefield. Also the stud from a cartridge-box found at Antietam, October 14, 1862.

No. 20. Roasted coffee, taken from a Rebel haversack. Picked up on the Fairfax Road, Va., October 12, 1862.

No. 21. Three musket balls and a button found in the church at Antietam (school-house). This was near the "Peach Orchard" and "Corn Field." (The rail fence and house gave the appearance that bullets were in great abundance) Antietam, October 14, 1862.

No. 22. Three musket explosive bullets of Williams's patent, caliber .577, and an ordinary United States round bullet, caliber .69. Found upon the battlefield of Antietam, October 14, 1862.

No. 23. Six musket (elongated) bullets, caliber .58, United States, and one Mississippi Rebel bullet, caliber .52. Found at Antietam, Maryland, October 14, 1862.

No. 24. Three musket balls and cartridges and two elongated bullets. Picked up in the "Corn Field" at Antietam, October 14, 1862.

No. 25. The fragment of a Hotchkiss shell, supposed to have been fired from a Rebel 12-pound Blakely gun. Found in the woods at Antietam, Maryland, October 14, 1862.

No. 26. The fragment of a 10-pound percussion shell, used for a 10-pounder Parrott gun. Picked up in the woods at Antietam, October 14, 1862.

No. 27. The fragment of a 10-pound Parrott shell found upon the battlefield of Antietam, Maryland, near the church, October 14, 1862.

No. 28. A United States cartridge-box. Picked up at Antietam, Maryland, October 14, 1862.

No. 29. Two of Mefford's elongated rifled bullets and a round ball. Obtained from the Washington Navy Yard, October, 1862.

No. 30. Pieces of an iron bridge destroyed by the Rebels at Hanover Junction, Maryland, on the 27th day of June, 1863.

No. 31. Pieces of an iron bridge destroyed by the Rebels near Harper's Ferry, Va., on the 13th of September, 1862, just previous to the surrender by General Miles.

No. 32. A Rebel cartridge-box. Picked up in the woods at Antietam, Maryland, October 14, 1862.

No. 33. A roll of bandage, tip of bayonet, scabbard, buttons, etc. Found in the corn field at Antietam, Maryland, October 14, 1862.

No. 34. A fuze shell for light 12-pounder United States smooth-bore gun, caliber 4.62. Found at Culp's Hill a tree about one foot in diameter, where some one had counted 180 bullets from the ground up 20 feet (making a note on the tree), Gettysburg, fought the 1st, 2d and 3d of July, 1863.

No. 35. Spherical case shot for 12-pounder Rebel smooth-bore gun, caliber 4.62. Manufactured and used by the Rebels at the Battle of Gettysburg. This projectile was found near Little Round Top. It contains from twenty to twenty-five cast-iron bullets, besides the explosive charge.

No. 36. 10-pound Parrott shells for 10-pounder Parrott rifle gun, caliber 2.09. Found near Cemetery Hill, Gettysburg.

No. 37. 10-pound Parrott shell for 10-pounder Parrott rifle gun, caliber 2.09. Found near Cemetery Hill, Gettysburg.

No. 38. A 3-inch Hotchkiss shell for 3-inch United States Ordnance rifled gun. Found near Seminary Ridge, Gettysburg.

No. 39. A 12-pound Hotchkiss fuze shell for 12-pounder James rifled gun. Found upon the battlefield of Gettysburg.

No. 40. A 6.7-inch Hotchkiss fuze shell, for 6.7-inch James rifled gun. Found upon the battlefield of Gettysburg.

No. 41. A 6.7-inch Hotchkiss fuze shell, for 6.7-inch James rifled gun. Found upon the battlefield of Gettysburg.

No. 42. A 6.7-inch Hotchkiss fuze shell, for 6.7-inch James rifled gun. Found upon the battlefield of Gettysburg.

No. 43. A 6.7-inch Hotchkiss fuze shell, for 6.7-inch James rifled gun. Found upon the battlefield of Gettysburg.

No. 44. The fragment of a 10-pound Parrott fuze shell, for 10-pounder Parrott rifled gun, United States. Found upon the battlefield of Gettysburg.

No. 45. The fragment of a 20-pound Parrott fuze shell, for 20-pounder Parrott rifled gun, United States, calibre 3.67. Found at Gettysburg.

No. 46. The fragment of a 6.7-inch James case shot, for 6.7-inch James rifled gun. Found at Gettysburg.

No. 47. The fragment of a 6.7-inch James fuze shell, used for same gun as described in No. 46. Found at Gettysburg.

No. 48. The fragment of a 12-pound shell, for a 12-pounder United States smooth-bore gun. Found upon the battlefield of Gettysburg.

No. 49. The fragment of a 12-pound spherical case shot, for 6.7-inch James rifled gun. Found at Gettysburg.

No. 50. The fragment of a 10-pound Parrott fuze shell, used for a 10-pound Parrott rifled gun, caliber 2.09. Found upon the battlefield of Gettysburg.

No. 51. The fragment of a 10-pound Parrott percussion shell, for a 10-pounder Parrott gun, caliber 2.09. Found at Gettysburg.

No. 52. The fragment of a 12-pound shell, for a 12-pounder United States smooth-bore gun. Found at Gettysburg.

No. 53. Four musket explosive bullets, of Williams's patent, caliber .57. Found near Little Round Top, Gettysburg.

No. 54. Eight explosive musket bullets, of Williams's patent, caliber .57, four percussion caps and cartridge-box "stud." Found near Cemetery Hill, Gettysburg.

No. 55. A grape shot found near Cemetery Hill, Gettysburg. A stand of grape is generally composed of nine such bullets bolted together in such a manner that when fired from a gun they separate, and are very destructive at short range.

No. 56. A cartridge-box plate and a body-belt plate, for infantry. Found in the cemetery at Gettysburg.

No. 57. Three musket bullets, of Williams's patent, caliber .57. Cut out of a tree near Culp's Hill, Gettysburg.

No. 58. The fragment of a musket bullet. Found in the crevice of a rock on Little Round Top, Gettysburg.

No. 59. A musket tompon. Found near Little Round Top, Gettysburg.

No. 60. The fragment of the scabbard of a staff officer's sword. Found near Cemetery Hill, Gettysburg.

No. 61. The fragment of the scabbard of a Rebel line officer's sword. Found near where Gen. Robert E. Lee's head-quarters were located, Seminary Hill, Gettysburg.

No. 62. The bayonet of an Austrian musket. Found on Seminary Ridge, Gettysburg.

No. 63. A United States canteen. Found on the 11th of October, 1863, near the Cemetery, Gettysburg.

No. 64. A United States cap-box. Found near the Seminary, Gettysburg.

No. 65. Chin-strap of a soldier's fatigue cap. Found upon the battlefield of Gettysburg.

No. 66. A cavalry sabre. Taken from the Union cavalry by the Rebels at Woodstock, Va., and afterwards recaptured by the Union troops at Mount Jackson, Va. Contributed by Dr. Robert T. Paine, 28th New-York.

No. 67. A 12-pounder James rifle projectile, caliber 3.67. Found near the Cemetery battlefield, Gettysburg.

No. 68. Two buckles, the stud of a cartridge-box and piece of a musket string. Picked up after the battle of Gettysburg, October 10, 1863.

No. 69. Buckshot (part of one). Taken from the body of Col. Ellsworth, killed at the Marshall House, Alexandria, Va. Contributed by John F. Porter of the 14th Brooklyn Regiment.

No. 70. Piece of bannister grasped by Col. Ellsworth as he fell. Contributed by John F. Porter. Not long after its deposit I missed it.

No. 71. Rebel button (naval) Confederate States of America. Contributed by a signer of the Memorial.

No. 72. Piece of Jeff. Davis's desk, Senate chamber. The New-York Regiment, with which J. F. Porter was connected, occupied the capital, as no quarters were provided at this early date.

No. 73. Buckshot, buckle, buttons, etc., from the Defenses at Washington, D. C.

No. 74. Hilt of an officer's sword. Picked up after the battle of First Bull Run. Contributed by Wm. J. F. Boardman, of Hartford, Conn.

No. 75. Concrete and casing of Fort Sumter. Contributed by Edward T. Lacy, and obtained by him when on a visit in Charleston, S. C.

No. 76. Letter or order of Abraham Lincoln. Contributed by a Mr. Allen, who was in the quartermaster's department, and who signed the "Autograph Memorial" while I was engaged in this work in Washington.

The "Lincoln Memorial Case" (No. 2) contains the "Autograph Memorial" of ten thousand three hundred and twenty-two soldiers and sailors,

the book of fifteen hundred autographs, including the Forty-third Congress, the two volumes (Memorial to Edwin M. Stanton) of fourteen hundred illustrated envelopes used during the War, scrap-book of manuscripts and letters from prominent men, also a copy of the original Memorial to the Forty-third Congress to make Lincoln's birthday a legal holiday, and signed by 50 citizens of Buffalo, and 28 handsomely-bound volumes of the NEW-YORK TIMES, from 1875 to 1881 inclusive. This case is in itself a curiosity, and is a work of art. It was built at a cost of \$1,500, and made from historical woods, the following being a description of the woods inlaid in the case :

Left pilaster, 13 stars, oak and pine, Faneuil Hall. Right pilaster, 34 stars, oak, Independence Hall. Upper flag, 50 stars, original California tree. Two Memorials, Charter Oak, Independence Hall and Frigate "Constitution." Four small shields ornamenting the Memorial of 50 citizens of Buffalo to the Forty-third Congress to make Abraham Lincoln's birthday a national holiday, oak, Independence Hall and "Old Ironsides." Top shield, oak, Independence Hall, pine, Faneuil Hall and California wood. Six stars on sides of case, hemlock, Old South Church, Boston, built 1669.

This case was dedicated April 9th and 10th, 1876, and the programme of exercises will be found in the next following pages :

DEDICATION OF THE MEMORIAL CASE,

Book of Autographs, and Illustrated Envelopes,

TO

THE AMERICAN UNION

TO TAKE PLACE AT THE

UNITARIAN CHURCH, APRIL 9-10, 1876, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Hon. JAMES SHELDON, Presiding.

*Introductory Remarks, Reading Letters from Henry W. Longfellow, John G. Whittier,
George William Curtis, William Cullen Bryant, Oliver Wendell
Holmes, Wendell Phillips.*

PROGRAMME.

I. REQUIEM, CHOIR.

Hark to the symphony swelling the earth,
Angels of Heaven proclaiming its birth ;
Breathing with love are the strains as they roll.
Freighted with grace of a sanctified soul.

Sweet unto sadness those purified tones,
Grief that is rapture, and joys that are moans ;
Sighs for the life which has risen above,
Joy for the gift of that heaven-sent love.

Voices of Nature the triumphing lead,
Sounding in echoes the hymn of the freed ;
New wake the chorus, ye birdlings of song :
Sing it, ye streamlets ; the chorus prolong.

Tell it, ye zephyrs, in murmurings soft,
Whisper it gently and bear it aloft ;

Catch it, ye branches, that wave in the air,
Tune your wild harping to melody rare.

Drawing forth worship at Liberty's shrine,
Lifting men's hearts in a fervor divine ;
May your glad tidings to earth never cease,
Marvelous anthem of freedom and peace.

CARRIE F. JUDD.

- II. PRAYER, Rev. M. K. SCHERMERHORN.
III. PRESENTATION—On the part of Soldier and Sailor, Gen. G. A. SCROGGS.
IV. PRESENTATION HYMN, CHOIR.

Once, from the lips of a suffering nation,
Rose there to Heaven a cry full of woe,
Bleeding and bruised in the War's desolation,
Trembling and faint were God's children below.

Peace came at last, and her joy settled o'er us,
Happy and hopeful to-day is our land,
Smiling and fair is the future before us,
Honor and Liberty walk hand in hand.

Now in the prosperous hour of our glory,
Freed from the terrible burden of strife,
Yet do we think of the soul-stirring story
Told by our heroes, in death or in life.

So, with our hearts full of deep adoration,
Wishing to glorify each honored name,
Bring we these relics for Love's consecration,
Grateful and glad to remember their fame.

JULIA DITTO.

- V. ACCEPTANCE, Col. JOHN B. WEBER.
VI. ODE—READ BY Miss NELLIE TABOR.
VII. PRESENTATION, Mr. FRANK C. MANNING.

VIII. ACCEPTANCE, Hon. PHILIP BECKER.

IX. SONG—"Our Flag," CHOIR.

Our Flag is in peril, dejected its folds,
 Oh, what of the hand that the symbol upholds !
 Oh, what of the heart ! for its fiery glow
 Should temper the steel that is striking below.
 Lift ! breeze of the morning, and fling them afar,
 Lest colors of promise hide from us a star ;
 Lift, lift them in triumph ! beneath are the brave,
 The soil they would die for, and Lincoln to save.
 Oh, Flag of our Country, aye, under your cover
 Find hands of a friend and the heart of a lover !

Sweep low in your triumph, falls many a tear !
 Sweep low that in lovingly shrouding his bier,
 You comfort our hearts, their devotion renew
 By faith in your thought for those dying for you.
 Wherever their valorous deeds may be wrought,
 Whatever of virtue their hearts' blood has bought,
 Caress with the grace that, to patriots true,
 Makes sacred forever the Red, White and Blue,
 That, Flag of one country, aye, under your cover
 Be hands of a friend, with the heart of a lover.

X. BENEDICTION, Rev. L. J. FLETCHER.

The front seats in the body of the Church will be reserved for—

GRAND ARMY REPUBLIC, ORIGINAL SIGNERS BIRTHDAY MEMORIAL, ALTERNATE SIGNERS
 BIRTHDAY MEMORIAL, CONTRIBUTORS, MEMBERS LINCOLN
 BIRTHDAY ASSOCIATION.

EXERCISES TO COMMENCE AT 2 1-4 O'CLOCK.

Those taking part will please enter the Session Room on Eagle Street.

The "Lincoln Memorial Museum" (Case No. 3) contains relics numbered from 77 to 103 inclusive, and is intended for additional mementos of the War which may be presented in the future. All desiring to add to this collection are invited to send the articles to Mr. William C. Francis, the custodian of the collection, who will see that they are placed in the case and cards with name of donor attached.

The following is a list of the present contents of the "Museum" case:

No. 77. Abraham Lincoln's cane, 1862. (Name engraved on handle.) Carried by Lincoln while President. Presented by Mrs. Jason Sexton.

No. 78. Cape cut from the drapery of canopy over body of A. Lincoln while lying in state at the White House. Presented by Capt. Gaylord (Co. K, 16th N. Y. Cavalry), who acted as body-guard.

No. 79. Rosette from Lincoln's casket while body laid in state at St. James Hall, Buffalo, 1864. Presented by Wm. Ives.

No. 80. Piece of apple-tree from Appomattox Court-house, Va. Lee's surrender, April 9, 1865.

No. 81. Fragment of the Rebel flag that floated over the Confederate Capitol at Richmond, and captured by the U. S. forces.

No. 82. This Confederate currency is a portion of the Rebel army funds surrendered at Appomattox Court-house, Va., with the property of the Army of Northern Virginia under Gen. R. E. Lee.

No. 83. Union canteen from Cemetery Hill, Gettysburg, October 10, 1863.

No. 84. Cartridge-box from the battlefield of Gettysburg, October 10, 1863.

No. 85. Shell from the battlefield of Gettysburg, October 10, 1863.

No. 86. Cap-box found near the Cemetery at Gettysburg, October 10, 1863.

No. 87. Rebel bullet from Petersburg, 1863.

No. 88. This piece used as a transport for Union officer, and signed Admiral Dupont.

No. 89. Bayonet sheath from the battlefield of Gettysburg, October 10, 1863.

No. 90. Rebel canteen from the battlefield of Gettysburg, October 10, 1863.

No. 91. U. S. Postal currency used during the War.

No. 92. U. S. stamps in circulation during the War.

No. 93. War badges.

No. 94. Profile of Lincoln, cut from marble.

No. 95. Copies of programmes used at the exercises celebrating Lincoln's birthday, 18 ———

No. 96. Cards presented to public-school children on Lincoln's birthdays 18 ——— ———

30,000 each year.

No. 97. Duplicate of memorial signed by fifty young men (pupils in our public schools), and sent to Forty-third Congress. The original of the above was written on parchment, etc.

No. 98. Bronze profile of G. Washington.

No. 99. Bronze profile of A. Lincoln.

No. 100. 1,500 autographs Forty-third Congress, United States Supreme Court Judges, Government officials, etc.

No. 101. Dirk knife taken from the breast of a Union soldier at the Second Battle of Bull Run by John Ball, and presented by H. Wing.

No. 102. Profile of A. Lincoln, made up of 400 faces.

No. 103. Piece of the third stand of regimental colors given to the 116th Regiment, N. Y. Vols. (Col. Sizer's), shot from the flag at Battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864.





THE LINCOLN BIRTHDAY ASSOCIATION.



IN addition to the work of collecting the relics to form this "Memorial," Mr. Francis organized the "Lincoln Birthday Association." A memorial to the Forty-third Congress was prepared, and signed by 50 citizens of Buffalo, to establish the 12th of February a legal holiday. It was drawn on parchment, backed with blue silk, with 50 white stars, and exquisite needlework border, inserted in a folding case of French walnut, and enclosed in a Russia leather case.

It was introduced in the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., by the Hon. Lyman K. Bass, on the 18th of December, 1873, and referred to the Judiciary Committee, who made an adverse report, May 25, 1874, and it now rests in the room of that Committee. This action did not, however, discourage its originator, who also formed the "Alternate Lincoln Birthday Association," composed of young men from the public schools. An "Alternate Memorial" was also sent to the Forty-third Congress, signed by 50 young men, which was a copy of the original Memorial. It is now in the custody of the Clerk of the Senate.

The original Lincoln Birthday Association was incorporated December 24, 1877, with the following trustees :

P. P. PRATT,
F. L. DANFORTH,
J. R. BROWNELL,

J. P. DUDLEY,
O. P. RAMSDELL,
J. E. FRANCIS,

W. C. FRANCIS,
S. C. ADAMS,
GEORGE MEACHAM.

The first public celebration of Lincoln's birthday took place February 12, 1874, at St. James Hall, Buffalo, and was celebrated each year thereafter during the life of Mr. Francis, which included from 1874 to 1881, inclusive. It was his pleasure to furnish the halls, the music, both instrumental and vocal (the latter generally being the Liedertafel Society, or other organizations), all at his own expense. He persevered in securing the services of orators for addresses, and also essays and poems written by interested friends, which made these celebrations both enjoyable and instructive. They were free to all who desired to attend, and a crowded house was always the result. The entertainments included both afternoon and evening. In addition to this, he issued each year 60,000 beautifully-engraved cards, which were presented to each pupil in our public schools, and sent to Government officials, etc. He also obtained permission to visit the public schools, and arranged with them, through the Superintendent of Education, for appropriate exercises on the 12th of each February. It has recently been ascertained from the books of Mr. Francis that he expended \$20,000 in this work from 1863 to 1881. The following are copies of programmes of the exercises held during the years referred to:

ORDER OF EXERCISES AT ST. JAMES HALL.

THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 12, 1874.

HON. N. K. HALL, *Presiding.*

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,	A. POPPENBERG.
PRAYER,	Rev. F. FROTHINGHAM.
READING,	A. T. CHESTER, D. D.
SINGING,	INTERNATIONAL QUARTETTE.
ADDRESS,	J. N. LARNED, ESQ.
SINGING—"Star Spangled Banner,"	INTERNATIONAL QUARTETTE.
READING,	F. F. FARGO, ESQ.
READING,	Prof. J. W. BARKER.
SINGING—"My Country, 'tis of Thee" (in which the audience are requested to join).	INTERNATIONAL QUARTETTE.
BENEDICTION,	Rev. W. V. KELLY.

DOORS OPEN AT 6.45 O'CLOCK.

EXERCISES AT 7.45 O'CLOCK.

Essay.

Sixty-five years ago to-day began one of the tales which history delights to tell. A life dawned which was to mark an era in the world's progress. Its origin was obscure and poor. None could think, the day it came, that it was to be so great. Its lot was hard. Its growth was sturdy. In the strong school of toil it grew in honesty, sobriety, and patience, in independence and modesty, in kindness and humility. It clung to these. It was reverent and aspiring. Whatever might happen, it would not be base. Through no selfish ambition, but by suffrage of fellow-men, the love and honor of a few of whom it had secured, it was summoned to our country's supreme place. There it was appointed to stand, the centre and guide of the nation, while the nation's life and the world's progress hung on the issue of a terrible conflict. How nobly it stood, amid what a rain of sorrows, treacheries, hatreds, labors,—the world's cold eyes fixed upon it and conquered into tender admiration by its inflexible worthiness! How grand it showed to be the qualities which make a true manhood! Their worth is its illuminated lesson. A nation's best possession is its noble children. They are better than wealth; they are wealth's security. They are better than laws; against them there is no law. They are better than constitutions; to keep them in order no constitution is needed. In danger they are its safety. They are law, order, wealth, safety, progress, all in one. And when it dies they are its immortal life, their memory its undying glory.

Of these, surely, is our ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Noble as a boy, noble as a man, he was noble as head and ruler of the nation—perhaps noblest in the unselfish loyalty to Right, which refused even to seize the immortal honor of proclaiming Freedom until he clearly saw it to be his duty. Worthy was he to issue the glorious Proclamation of Emancipation. It was the triumph of his unselfishness and his humility.

“ Oh, Truth ! oh, Freedom ! how are ye still born
In the rude stable, in the manger nursed ;
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
Through which the splendors of the New Day burst ! ”

“ With honor, honor, honor to him,
Eternal honor to his name.”

—F. F

BUFFALO, N. Y., February 12, 1874.

Abraham Lincoln.

1809. FEBRUARY 12. 1874.

Ah ! well it is, we say,
For men to weave the laurel, and to crown
Their heroes ! Well to lift the marble high,
And bid it tell for ages the great deeds

That saved the land ! And, well to hallow days,
 And make them rich with blessed memories,
 That cluster round each passing hour, and lay
 A beauty and a fragrance on the time !

Well, not for him who sleeps his dreamless sleep,
 Whose white hands lie upon a quiet breast,—
 But for the men who live and work to-day,
 For those who march with slow and weary feet,
 For those who lead the people to the fray
 And bid them die for Freedom and for God.

This man, whose name is on our lips, whose deeds
 Are written in our hearts,— how was he wrought ?
 What was his nature ? Was he high or low ?
 Did honorable wealth watch his young life,
 Or was he nurtured in a lowly way,
 And hardened for the conflict from his birth,
 And so made ready for his victory ?
 Short, simple words should tell the simple tale.

A poor white boy within a cabin home,
 Held down by the same curse that held the slave ;
 A lad athirst for wisdom, yet shut in,
 And pressed, and hindered by his poverty ;
 A man with all the roots of greatness hid
 By overlying rocks of circumstance.

What shall call out the hero, and uplift
 This man of men to his own peerless height ?
 The long years gave their tribute as they passed,
 And hailed him master. All the kindly grace,
 The childlike ways, the homely honesty,
 The tender love, the loyalty to truth,
 That flow and mingle in the gentlest blood,
 Were met together in his blameless life.

His story is not old ; no need to write
 A lengthened page to blazon all his fame.
 With sturdy growth he threw off every weight,
 And sprang, full-armored, to the battle front,

And led the hosts of Freedom. And in his hand
 He bore the banner of our liberty,
 And made his blood-dyed folds so glorious,
 That, for their beauty, we forgot the hand
 That held it up amid the fiery storm,
 Until we saw him dead beside his trust.

Ah, friends, to-day we sit within this place,
 And think of home, and country, and fair hopes,
 And all the gifts of Freedom that are ours,
 Because such men have lived. Let us be glad
 That for a little space their hearts have felt,
 Their hands have wrought for all the brotherhood.
 Let us break forth in fitting words of praise,
 And sing our songs of triumph, though the flower
 Of victory, shining o'er the rescued land,
 Is rooted in the martyr's holy grave.

—MARY A. RIPLEY.

The New Song.

O Christmas bells ! O birthday bells !
 Of one true life your story tells,
 Whose perfect chords give time and key,
 For every age's symphony.

Long your sweet chimes have waked the year
 With added strains ; we're slow to hear
 Unwonted measures ; what new rhyme
 Breathes deep to lift the waves of time ?

When " Peace on earth, good will to men,"—
 Your first sweet tune,—is chimed again,
 Ring peal on peal, a sterner song,
 Whose echoes tell of righted wrong.

Let grateful millions hear the strain,
 And shout aloud the glad refrain !
 Once shackled slaves, now men set free,
 Wake this new song of liberty !

What soldier, martyr, saint or king,
 Made life or death an offering
 More worth than he whose birth, to-day,
 And deeds, a nation's thanks repay?

The thrill that pierced the great world's heart,
 That stopped its pulses, bade them start
 With indignation, vengeance rife
 As ebb'd the patriot Lincoln's life.

That thrill it was that taught the bells
 Their grand new song; its burthen tells
 High thoughts to man, and questions when
 His deeds shall wake new strains again.

While pants one soul for freedom's life,
 While sinks one heart in slavery's strife,
 While power, or passion's might, makes right,
 Truth's goal is hidden from our sight.

But long as Christmas bells may chime
 Will Lincoln's song be rung in time;
 Its brave, true notes, with Christmas cheer,
 And "Peace on earth" sing down the year.

—Mrs. MARY B. SIBLEY.

ORDER OF EXERCISES AT LAFAYETTE-STREET CHURCH.

FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 12, 1875.

GROSVENOR W. HEACOCK, D. D., Presiding.

MUSIC— <i>Organ Voluntary,</i>	ROBERT DENTON.
PRAYER,	Rev. LUTHER J. FLETCHER.
READING OF THE MEMORIAL,	ISAAC M. SCHERMERHORN.
SINGING THE HYMN OF PEACE.		
ADDRESS,	Rev. DAVID R. FRAZER.
SINGING—"Star Spangled Banner,"	Miss NINA BURTIS.

READING THE ESSAY, Rev. M. K. SCHERMERHORN.
 READING AND SINGING THE LINCOLN HYMN, Rev. A. T. CHESTER.
 READING THE POEM "ABRAHAM LINCOLN," GEO. WADSWORTH, ESQ.
 SINGING—" *Let the Dead and Beautiful Rest,*"
 Sung by the (colored) scholars of Public School No. 9.
 READING, Prof. J. W. BARKER.
 SINGING—" *Come, Rise with the Lark,*"
 Colored children, instructed by Mrs. SUSAN C. CLARALUNA.
 READING OF THE SONG, F. F. FARGO, ESQ.
 SINGING—" *My Country 'tis of Thee,*" In which the audience are requested to join.
 BENEDICTION, Rev. V. R. HOTCHKISS.

Twelve ladies and gentlemen kindly consent to take part in these Exercises.

The fifty citizens (signers), with their families, will enter on Washington Street; holders of personal cards, east door on Lafayette Street; general entrance, west door, Lafayette Street.

Essay.

"These are my jewels," said the royal mother, pointing to her noble sons. The jewels of any nation are its noble sons. More precious than all others are these, for they cost most, are the rarest, and endure the longest. No labor in mining for gold, searching for diamonds, or diving for pearls, is so costly in self-sacrifice and toil as is that by which a great man produces himself. Truly great men are few and far between. *Superior* men,—men great in intellect, great in character, and great in deeds,—these are the products of ages; and no nation, even the oldest, the grandest, and the most heroic—whether it be Greece, Rome, Judea, in ancient times, or France, Germany, England, in modern times—can boast more than one or two of them. But the "one or two" superior men whom every nation delights to honor, are not only its *most costly* and *rare*, but also its *most enduring* treasures; their names are held in everlasting remembrance; their shining virtues, lofty attainments, heroic deeds, immortalize their nations; and in return the unceasing praises and lasting memorials of their nations should be theirs.

"Were a star quenched on high,
 For ages would its light,
 Still traveling downward from the sky,
 Shine on our mortal sight.

"So when a great man dies,
 Ages beyond our ken,
 The light he leaves behind him lies
 Upon the paths of men.

Our American Republic has produced many noble sons, but WASHINGTON and LINCOLN are noblest of all; their names will be remembered when all others are forgotten. The Father and the Savior, the Author and the Preserver of our National Liberties! Side by side they stand, will stand, *must* stand, not only so long as the American Republic continues to exist, but also so long as the fact of its existence continues to be a record on the pages of History. These are our "jewels!" We should guard them as *priceless* treasures, and hold them up to the admiration of the world.

Sixty-six years ago to-day, ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born. Though no human ear heard it, yet angels were singing then, as eighteen hundred years before, "Peace on earth, good will to men; for unto you is born this day a Savior!" A "Savior" he proved to be; for he delivered his nation from the hands of its enemies, and millions of his fellow-men from their crushing yokes of bondage. Surely such a Deliverer ought to be hailed as one of God's greatest gifts to men, and his birthday should be made by the American people *a memorial day unto all generations*. ABRAHAM LINCOLN! an honest, good, great man—great in heart, great in wisdom, and great in deeds! Worthy of admiration, honor and a perpetual memorial is he—

"Oh he, who
So perfect and so peerless, was created
Of every creature's best."

—M. K. S.

194 DELAWARE ST., BUFFALO, N. Y., February 12, 1875.

Abraham Lincoln.

The old world hath its heroes; poets tell
In language sweet and eloquent their deeds,
And strong-souled men drink in the golden words
Like wine from some rare vintage, till each heart
Throbs wildly in its thirst for glory. Yet
Upon the chosen roll of honored names,
Whose radiance shines forever thro' the years,
Will his be fair and bright while Time shall last,
Whose memory wakes in every heart to-day
A hymn of praise and gratefulness to God.

Ah! strife is banished from our happy land.
A sweet and holy peace has drifted down
On angel wings from heaven. The daisies bloom
Above our honored dead, who sweetly sleep
As brave men do who win their laurels well,

That crown a lasting glory. Yet we dream
 With saddened hearts of one who held the flag
 When storm and tempest gathered over all ;
 Of one who with a firm, unshaken grasp,
 Through steady roll of thunder loud and deep,
 Held high the banner with the silver stars,
 When all the skies were hidden ; and when at length
 The sun in glory burst the cloudy veil,
 When myriad hearts were blessing him where yet
 He stood the victor,— he gave up his life,
 A sacrifice for freedom, and for right.

He sleeps ; no more to meet at early morn
 The fresh, sweet breeze that fans his native West ;
 Nor feel the weary weight of pain and care
 That hung above his young ambitious soul
 In early life. The spirit brave and strong
 That burst each fetter that would bind him down,
 Finds peace and rest. 'Tis only left for us
 To hold in fond remembrance his dear name
 Who gave his life to guard our sacred flag.

The dream of what he was shall bring to life
 The noblest aspirations that may wake
 Within the struggling soul. Above his grave
 The fair, sweet flowers of immortality
 Shall raise their starry heads, while grand and strong
 The stormy billows east and west shall sing
 Through all the coming time his requiem.

And we, to-day, while pausing to look back
 Upon the years that threatened to destroy
 Our land ; what words could we esteem too great,
 What song would be too sweet, to tell the thoughts
 That crown the nation's martyr. Let the winds
 Bear on their wings afar the song of peace,
 And breathe in every strain the memory
 Of him whose name is deathless evermore.

Oh, sacred star of liberty ! still shine
 Serenely bright above our happy homes ;

Thy light no more is dimmed, but pure and clear
 Its radiance. No more thou'rt but a name
 That falls upon the hearts of shackled slaves
 In mockery. Through North and South thy beams
 In glory fall ; and in the heavenly ray
 He calmly rests, while all the nation brings
 The heart's best tribute to his shrine to-day.

—MISS AGNES MACNAMARA.

Song.

Nation of Freedom, awake ! awake !
 And fill the wide world with your song ;
 That a heart brave and true,
 To will and to do,
 Was born on this day, you among.
 That a heart brave and true, etc.

Nation of Freedom, awake ! awake !
 And stir with your song loyal hearts ;
 For dear Memory weeps
 O'er the one who now sleeps,
 And needs the lesson he imparts.
 For dear Memory weeps, etc.

A life is not born to indolent ease,
 And weeping o'er-much dries the well ;
 Up ! labor, and yearn,
 From example to learn,
 That reward lies in work to excel !
 Up ! labor, and yearn, etc.

Nation of Freedom, awake ! awake !
 And cheer the poor laborer on ;
 For the hero now dead,
 For his country who bled,
 Through hard labor *his* eminence won !
 For the hero now dead, etc.

Then cherish his mem'ry in songs of his worth,
 And coupled with WASHINGTON's name,
 May LINCOLN's be borne
 On rays of the morn
 To the highest pinnacle of Fame !
 May LINCOLN's be borne, etc.

—SARA E. PERSCH.

ORDER OF EXERCISES AT ST. JAMES HALL.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 12, 1876.

M. EMMETT TABER, Presiding.

MUSIC,	ORCHESTRA.
READING OF THE MEMORIAL,	FRANK C. MANNING.
SINGING—"Red, White, and Blue,"	
Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, Miss SUSIE SIMONS, Miss HANNAH ALEXANDER.	
ADDRESS,	Rev. D. R. FRAZER.
MUSIC,	ORCHESTRA.
RECITATION— <i>Memorial Poem</i> ,	GEO. W. SCRIVEN.
SINGING—"Star Spangled Banner,"	CHORUS.
ADDRESS,	E. W. CROSBY.
MUSIC,	ORCHESTRA.
DECLAMATION,	EDGAR H. LEMAN.
SINGING—"America,"	AUDIENCE.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 12, 1876.

HON. JAMES O. PUTNAM, Presiding.

MUSIC,	ORCHESTRA.
PRAYER,	Rev. FREDERICK FROTHINGHAM.
READING OF THE MEMORIAL,	Mr. ISAAC M. SCHERMERHORN.
SINGING—"Star Spangled Banner,"	LIEDERTAFEL.

ADDRESS,	Rev. CHARLES WOOD.
REMARKS,	Mr. E. W. CROSBY.
READING THE POEM,	Miss CARRIE F. JUDD.
SINGING— <i>The Hymn of Peace</i> ,	BUFFALO LIEDERTAFEL.
MUSIC,	ORCHESTRA.
READING THE SONG,	Miss JULIA DITTO.
SINGING—"My Country 'tis of Thee,"	In which the audience are requested to join.
BENEDICTION,	Rev. V. R. HOTCHKISS.

Abraham Lincoln.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY CARRIE F. JUDD.

Oh ! hail with rejoicing and honor the light of that day
Which bore us a sovereign hero the nation to sway ;
A strong, daring soul for our country, to wipe out its stains ;
The rights of his people were holy, he sundered their chains.
Through tides of tumultuous discord he held his command,
The throbs of that noble heart beating were felt o'er the land.
He planted his foot on enslavement and ground it to dust,
He wrested the power from oppressors, left fetters to rust ;
Through surges of wild opposition he weathered the storm,
And faced with unwavering courage his charge to perform.
No chaplet of laurel were needed for crowning his life,
Sublimely at last, as he lived it, he finished the strife ;
A martyr, indeed, for his country, *earth's* honors were vain ;
A crown of the glory immortal his permanent gain.
Though lowly our loftiest homage that name to enshrine,
It e'er in the hearts of his people in splendor shall shine.
The souls of those destitute freedmen in loyalty hold
A monument stronger than granite, more precious than gold ;
'Twas reared on a life of endurance, the workman was Love ;
The warden to guard and preserve it an angel above :
The *key* to this glorious structure that dear cherished name,
Inscribed with the blood of his death-wound, in letters of fame :
And storms cannot crumble this pillar or cause it to rust,
No changes of time can obscure it, or print it with dust ;

The blocks in this column of glory are cut from the heart,
 Cemented with grateful affection they never can part.
 Thus planted on solid foundation, the strength of the years,
 And hallowed by rare consecration with agonized tears,
 Though lost to the life of the listless this cenotaph grand
 Still looms in its majesty endless, a work of God's hand.
 Unbound from their fetters those freedmen shall strike for a goal ;
 That pride, which true liberty wakens, ennobles the soul.
His mem'ry a help to advancement, a light to their eyes,
 That race to the height of true manhood shall steadily rise ;
 And each lofty deed or attainment achieved by their hand,
 Shall seek for its first inspiration that name of command.

Song.

Daughter of Liberty ! queen of the world !
 Fairest of all earth's fair nations ! arise !
 Let thy bright banners and flags be unfurled,
 Send thy glad voice to the uttermost skies !
 Yes ! let us, Columbia's children, to-night
 Praise the name of a hero, "who fought a good fight."

Look back on the years of our terrible war,
 Look back on that season of murderous strife,
 When the havoc of battle relentlessly tore
 A son from his mother, a husband from wife ;
 Remember how death o'er the land hung a pall,
 Then thank God for Lincoln, who ended it all.

We needed a counsellor, ruler, and friend,
 A man who, with God's help, could carry us through,
 Courageous and wise, who was willing to lend
 Himself, heart and soul, to the work he must do.
 We wanted a man — almost more than a man —
 No need was e'er greater since earth first began.

Such was Abraham Lincoln, who laid down his life,
 In behalf of our country, faint, bleeding and torn.
 Think of him ! and forget all dissensions and strife,
 As you swear, one and all, that his name shall be borne

By the trumpets of fame to each yet unborn race,
While America holds on this footstool a place.

Daughters and sons of this beautiful land,
Rejoicing in blessings of freedom and peace,
Remember they came from his God-guided hand,
And to praise and revere him ne'er let us cease.
Then lift we our voices with heartiest might,
And shout forth his glory in carols to-night.

—JULIA DITTO.

ORDER OF EXERCISES AT ST. JAMES HALL.

MONDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 12, 1877.

EDGAR H. LEMAN, *Presiding.*

SONG—"Star Spangled Banner," LINCOLN CHORUS.
READING OF THE MEMORIAL. Mr. E. A. FISHER.
SONG—"Red, White, and Blue," SOLO AND CHORUS.
ADDRESS, Mr. WILLIS G. GREGORY.
CENTENNIAL HYMN. LINCOLN CHORUS.
ODE, Mr. G. W. SCRIVEN.
INSTRUMENTAL DUETT, Messrs. HUETTER AND FLEISCHMANN.
RECITATION SONG, Mr. N. ROSENAU.
SINGING—"America," AUDIENCE.

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 12, 1877.

HON. SHERMAN S. ROGERS, *Presiding.*

PRAYER, Rev. G. W. CUTTER.
READING OF THE MEMORIAL, Mr. ISAAC M. SCHERMERHORN.
ADDRESS, Rev. I. G. BIDWELL.
READING—"In Memoriam," Miss DELLE E. KNAPP.
SINGING—"Columbia," BUFFALO LIEDERTAFEL.

READING—" *Invocation*," Miss MARY E. ERWIN.
 REMARKS, Mr. E. W. CROSBY.
 CORNET SOLO—" *Yankee Doodle*," with variations,
 Master SIMON FLEISCHMANN, accompanied by his sister BIANCA.
 READING LETTERS.
 SINGING—" *My Country, 'tis of Thee*," LIEDERTAFEL.
 BENEDICTION, Rev. W. M. HUGHES.

In Memoriam.

Hush ! Liberty lies crushed to earth, and dying ;
 Dark broods the shadow o'er our beauteous land,
 Night echoes with men's groans, and children crying
 Without the soothing of a mother's hand.

On dusky brows, by Southern breezes fanned
 The crimson brand of bondage darkly glows ;
 Written in blood by stern Oppression's hand,
 And crushed down into hearts by myriad woes.

A million souls in bondage now we see,
 A million souls in bondage, without blame.
 In bondage ! in this " land of liberty,"
 Called " freedom's home," in mockery of shame !

And o'er the land dark, cruel war doth brood,
 While in her train walk strife, and death, and woe ;
 And men forget the nation's brotherhood
 As brothers forth to slay their brothers go.

Then o'er war's darksome cloud and dreadful din
 Our LINCOLN rose supreme above the strife ;
 Freedom's pure flame burned bright, his soul within,
 And for its sake he rendered up his life.

He freed the slave ; who, here, knows not his fame ?
 Who hath not heard it told in song and story ?
 Who does not hold in reverence his loved name,
 And blend with it our own free nation's glory ?

With grateful hearts remember him this day ;
 (The glorious day that saw our hero born,
 With loyal will our beauteous land to sway,)
 And with glad voices welcome in the morn.

And, while we sound his praises to the sky,
 Who made our country "freedom's home" indeed,
 Give grateful thanks unto the Lord on high,
 Who gave him to us in our hour of need.

—DELLE E. KNAPP.

Abraham Lincoln.

INVOCATION.

BY MARY E. ERWIN.

Break ! break ! thou day that gilds the eastern sky
 With gladder glory than its very own ;
 Break ! break ! and sweep the starry curtain by
 That round thy rosy sacredness is thrown.
 Part back the clouds that wreath the Winter's brow,
 Break thro' the rift old orient, and begin
 To smile upon a waiting nation now,
 And let this day's auspicious glory in.

We hail thy coming ! Of the glad young year—
 Thine is the first whose cause we celebrate ;
 With glad acclaim, with song, and shout, and cheer,
 This day of days we do re-dedicate
 To all the honor, glory, power and pride
 That holds a nation in its height sublime,
 When our "good ship," across a crimson tide
 Hath risen, rescued, from the wrecks of time.

Thine was the hand, O Lincoln ! thine the heart,
 God-given in our nation's darkest day,
 To break the fetter, and to soothe the smart
 Of those who 'neath the oppressor's lashes lay.

Thine was the hand to lift a lowly race
 From degradation, shame and slavery,
 To grant it pow'r, position, name and place ;
 With life's best gift and guerdon, Liberty !

Thine was the hand upheld our stars and stripes,
 That stayed our eagle's broad unwavering wing,
 And thine the name whose sacred mention wipes
 Our Country's scroll from every stain and sting.
 Rejoice, fond hearts, and grateful incense bear,
 Proclaim his praise afar from sea to sea ;
 Ring out, wild bells, upon the wintry air,
 And roll thy echoes down the Century.

Wave forth, proud stripes ! against the heavens wave !
 Stream out, glad stars ! and crown the natal day
 Of him whose life alone thy cause could save,
 Whose blood could only wash thy wrongs away.
 Heroic Spirit ! heart so brave and true !
 Thy land shall laud and mourn her martyred son,
 And while our stars burn in their loyal blue,
 Shall Lincoln be our later Washington.

ORDER OF EXERCISES AT ST. JAMES HALL.

TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 12, 1878.

HON. CHAS. BECKWITH, *Presiding.*

PRAYER,	Rev. G. W. CUTTER.
SONG—" <i>Hymn of Peace</i> ,"	QUARTETTE.
READING OF THE MEMORIAL.	Mr. JEROME PIERCE.
SONG—" <i>Star Spangled Banner</i> ,"	QUARTETTE.
ADDRESS,	Rev. WOLCOTT CALKINS.
SONG—" <i>Columbia</i> ,"	QUARTETTE.
READING—" <i>Appeal</i> ,"	Mr. E. W. CROSBY.
SONG—" <i>Red, White, and Blue</i> ,"	QUARTETTE.
READING OF POEM—" <i>Abraham Lincoln</i> ,"	Miss MARY A. MCCARTHY.

REMARKS,	Mr. JAMES F. GLUCK.
CORNET SOLO—"Yankee Doodle," with variations,	Master SIMON FLEISCHMANN.
	(Accompanied by his sister BIANCA.)
READING LETTERS,	Mr. F. W. DANFORTH.
SINGING—"America,"	AUDIENCE.
BENEDICTION,	Rev. V. R. HOTCHKISS.

Those holding Member's Tickets will be admitted to the Social, after the Exercises.

Abraham Lincoln.

Victory's sunlight has bathed an eager nation,
 Freedom's glad notes o'er hills and valleys ring,
 While thro' a land, fresh from a new creation,
 Tidings of Richmond's capture, glad hearts sing.
 But stay ! ere closes this rejoicing day,
 A message sorrow-freighted thrills the wire,
 And men's hearts tremble as they pray,
 Heaven to avert calamity so dire.

O, fair Columbia, why this robe of woe,
 Draping o'er shining stars and loyal blue?
 Why this drear night, instead of morning's glow,
 Why dost thou weep, O, Goddess fair and true?
 And thus she answers: " From a prairie land,
 There came in peril's need a manly form,
 Who gave to God and country his right hand,
 To shield and save me from a gath'ring storm.

So faithful, whole-souled, earnest, did he prove,
 In character and statesmanship so great
 And noble, that in bonds of faith and love,
 I gave him rank, made him my magistrate.
 Then dark o'erhung the storm, and clouds o'ercast,
 Which shut the light of Freedom from my sight,
 Which gave to Wrong the power, in thunder-blast
 To blight my life and wither all my might.

And then the promise giv'n I tested well,
 Found sweet relief when my deliver'r came,
 My many doubts and fears did he dispel,
 Then fadeless laurels gave I to his fame.
 But scarce I learned to love my hero-soul,
 Scarce I the harvest bountiful did reap,
 When fell assassin's hand, in murder foul,
 Took Abraham Lincoln's life. For this I weep."

Columbia's children gather here to-night,
 With words of praise to eulogise his name ;
 And may this joyous natal-day, in flight
 Of years, swell with loud chorus to his fame,
 And while his name is penned on History's leaf,
 In letters with a living dazzling glow,
 Let us—a nation—honor him as chief,
 And from our hearts let grateful tributes flow.

—MARY A. MCCARTHY.

Appeal.

We invite the American people, without regard to condition, to unite in rejoicing in a New National Holiday, and recommend rational amusements. You, each and every one, owe a debt to Abraham Lincoln ; a National Holiday will repay it. With you lies the will to pay. Sixty-nine years ago to-day this patriotic soul came among you ; let a new festival of the nation be born, whose name may be known as "Consideration Day." The counsel of ages approves, and in loud tones encourages us to rejoice in song and speech, in music and in dance.

The names of Washington and Lincoln will be held in remembrance by the American people, for ages to come. The Father and the Savior, the Author and the Preserver of our National Liberties ; there they stand side by side, and will stand for evermore.

At the close of the Revolutionary war there were doubts in the minds of many eminent men both in Europe and America in regard to our future destiny ; it troubled Washington himself. But by good legislation, by the intelligence of our people and through the resources of our country, we have become one of the greatest nations upon the face of the earth. What would we be to-day if it were not for Abraham Lincoln ? Who can tell what would have been the results of the great Rebellion, if Lincoln had not taken the helm, and steered the Ship of State safely through the storm ? The government being one of the people, and the hearts of the people being so estranged and embittered, with scarcely a shadow of a regular army to sustain him, it was a terrible respon-

sibility to undertake, endangering the very liberties of a people and the existence of a nation. But nobly and well did he carry it through.

The sacrifices and patriotic devotion to his country of Abraham Lincoln during those four years can never be forgotten by the American people. No other man could have done it; not many men would have assumed such a charge. But by divine aid, and under his wise supervision, we succeeded in crushing the greatest rebellion this country in all probability will ever experience. As soon as this was done, it seemed as if his life's-work was ended and he gave up his life a martyr to his country, which he must have expected, surrounded as he was with so many bitter enemies.

For this patriotic devotion to his country, and for his great earnestness and assiduity in conducting this government through the great crisis, he received but a small reward. His great and generous heart thought of nothing but the peril of his country, and he devoted his very life and soul to the saving of the nation. For his sacrifice and for his great public service the American people owe him a debt of gratitude, and let the people of this nation consider and appreciate the great benefits derived through the loyalty and courage of Abraham Lincoln.

—F. W. D.

. . . . 1879

A Monument.

All nations have their heroes; all heroes their monuments. Greece has its Leonidas, Germany its Hermann, England its Wellington, America its Washington and Lincoln. Start from the shores of the mild Pacific and travel westward. Under the burning sun of the dusky Orient; the cold chill rays of a northern clime; the genial light of sunny skies; monuments of all kinds and description are scattered. They range from grand, colossal temples to simple columns. But where are the monuments of *our* heroes? Alas! it has been said, and truly, too, that republics are, generally, disregardful of their benefactors, and soon forget them. Washington has, at least, been immortalized by the naming of our national capital; but Lincoln might have been forgotten had not our generous, patriotic, and grateful fellow-citizen, Mr. Julius E. Francis, plucked, as it were, the memory of our hero from oblivion to thrust it under the rays of immortality. It was *he* that reared a monument in honor of the preserver of our national liberties. Not a marble structure, but one whose like has ne'er been seen before. It is not grand and colossal, in a worldly sense, but simple and eloquent. It is built with pen and ink, and contains the history of thousands of soldiers and sailors who fought bravely for our Union. In centuries hence, when all the builders are cold, this monument will be regarded with veneration and love. Antiquarians will come from far and wide to gaze upon it; for, search the pages of the remotest records, its parallel cannot be found.

A few words of description: The corner-stone was laid at the Boston Jubilee, June 17th—July

4, 1872; the first signer being W. Nichols, M. D., 2d Mass. Within six weeks a thousand names were added. It required five years of untiring zeal and labor for completion; John Franklin, Engineer "Powhattan," being the last signer. The monument is a large plain volume. A preface points out the time spent in collecting the autographs. One page contains a fine ink sketch representing the emblems of our country. Seated before this volume, and turning leaf after leaf, we gaze upon a history written by ten thousand different hands. The writing in itself furnishes material for hours of pleasant study. The fine penman, the coarse laborer, the impetuous businessman. But the headings of the columns opposite the names attract our attention now—"When Enlisted." In imagination we see gray-haired men grasping the steel, to conquer or die; fathers clasping their darlings to their breasts; youths receiving a mother's blessing. Again—"Rank." Private, major, captain, colonel, general, each with his share of responsibility, and all united in one great cause. The names of Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, and other brave generals greet us. Upon their shoulders rested the future of a nation. To them we looked for encouragement during the bloody tumult—the deadly struggle. Theirs was the leading of armies; the losing or gaining of the day. Here the battles in which the signers were engaged—some one, ten, Gettysburg, five, Bull Run, Fredericksburg—indeed, any amount of important and interesting historical matter may be gathered from these pages. But, behold the faintly-scribbled name, as if the left hand trembled to perform the duties of the right; the dash and cross—may not the sight have failed? How little, and yet how full of meaning. Yes, how full of meaning are these pages. They whisper of sorrows, hardships, sufferings, and struggles; of longings, hopes, exulting joys, and victories. O, Lincoln! is not this monument far nobler, purer, holier than marble structures? Where can we find its equal? Think of the hours, days, and years spent in labor and fortitude to overcome all disappointments and obstacles thrust in the way of one building such a monument. And when bowing our heads to-night, to beg for blessing upon our nation, let us not forget *him* in our prayer who reared this monument to Abraham Lincoln.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

JULIANA W. DOPP.

Abraham Lincoln.

Birth, life, or death, it matters not;
Ocean or river-bound the spot,
From lap of ease or woodman's cot,

If a soul arise, in destined plan,
With manhood's will to lead some van
Inscribed, "Humanity to man."

Where thousand rivulets combined
A mighty river, on whose tide
Refugees from oppression hied.

Seventy years this day a child was born
On La Belle River. In youth's bright morn
The vine-clad cliff his home adorned.

His brawny arms cleft th' trees away
Where nations in one family
Could break the chain of tyranny.

Repeated wrong and outrage echoing,
Heart to heart expansive forces bring —
No Grecian forum could so clarion ring.

While peace and plenty crowned each year,
What filled the patriot's heart with fear?
'Twas jealousy's triumphal car !

List, oh time ! A nation of one blood
Divided by a line of latitude !
Shall fallen man disturb this brotherhood ?

Proclamation to all was given —
“ Stay not while union is riven ;
Slack not until the foe be driven ! ”

Loud rings the praise of pure devotion —
“ A glorious union from lake to ocean ! ”
Seal in heav'n a ransomed nation.

Athwart the blood-stained lands that mourn
“ Amnesty ” echoes from heaven's dome ;
Our country now is Liberty's home.

Could aught but demon forge the dart
Assassins aimed at patriot heart,
While forgiveness emblazoned a nation's chart ?

God forgive the exultant breath
That would not stay the shaft of death,
Though earth of a great soul bereft.

Tears and blood of ages past,
In Justice's scale with freedom cast,
Redeemed her. May she ever last !

ORDER OF EXERCISES AT ST. JAMES HALL,

FEBRUARY 12, 1886.

Doors open at 7, Exercises at 8 o'clock.

HON. JAMES M. SMITH, Presiding.

1. PRAYER, Rev. GEO. W. CUTTER.
2. READING MEMORIAL, Mr. JOHN WILLOUGHBY.
3. SINGING—"Hail Columbia," STANDARD QUARTETTE.
4. READING POEM, Miss JEANNIE D. SCOTT.
5. SINGING—*1st and 2d verses National Anthem*, STANDARD QUARTETTE.
6. ADDRESS, Mr. CHARLES B. WHEELER.
7. SINGING—*3d and 4th verses National Anthem*, STANDARD QUARTETTE.
8. READING—"Peace Jubilees," NATHANIEL S. ROSENAU.
9. SINGING—*5th, 6th and 7th verses National Anthem*, STANDARD QUARTETTE.
10. READING LETTERS, Mr. C. W. CROSBY, Jr.
11. SINGING—"Star Spangled Banner," STANDARD QUARTETTE.
12. SINGING—"My Country, 'tis of Thee," STANDARD QUARTETTE AND AUDIENCE.

Mr. SIMON FLEISCHMANN, Musical Conductor.

Abraham Lincoln.

Who is he sleeping in the West,
Whose mem'y, like an honored guest,
From things accustomed turns
A busy nation's thoughts away,
To bless his name, on this his natal day?

What was he? Ask of the oppressed,
Go seek the bravest and the best,
And hear them say: "By right
Divine of a great soul he traced
'Mong earth's revered names an honored place."

His life was patient, bold and strong,
 Brave to endure and conquer wrong,
 To war with Error's host,
 Unmoved against Oppression's might,
 He was a victor in a glorious fight.

Our savior and our hope was he
 Who quelled the angry, troubled sea
 Of passion uncontrolled,
 When fierce Dissension's cruel hand
 Spread death and desolation o'er the land.

He piloted great Freedom's bark
 Thro' storm of blood and treason dark ;
 And when our ship of state
 He anchored safe from foe and strife,
 His work was done ; he yielded up his life.

This hero, then, we love to praise,
 His deeds the theme of future lays
 Will be. And ages hence
 A grateful people will his story tell,
 And guard the nation that he loved so well.

JEANNIE D. SCOTT.

Peace Jubilees.

The clash of arms had ceased, the deadly struggle for the preservation of the Union was over, the soldiers had returned to their homes, and peace and industry once more reigned throughout the land. The great masters of music in an Eastern city had prepared a building capable of accommodating from sixty to seventy thousand persons, and here they proposed to gather the music-loving people of sister cities, far and near, for a grand jubilee. From the shores of the stormy Atlantic to the calm coasts of the Pacific, from Florida's balmy clime to the green slopes of the Old Dominion, city village and hamlet sent their representatives to swell this vast pæan of peace. The preparations which were made were extremely elaborate. Near the building was a battery of ten guns, which were to be operated by electricity, while the bells in the churches and public buildings were to be set in motion in a similar manner. Nothing was omitted which could add to the effect. The decorations of the building were exceedingly beautiful. Each seat was numbered to prevent mistakes, and efficient ushers conducted spectators to their places as if by magic.

The noise made by this moving mass of people exceeded the roar of Niagara's cataract ; but an instant hush fell upon the vast assembly as the great organ sounded its diapason, and every ear was strained in eager attention to catch the faintest and sweetest sounds as well as those more powerful.

A hundred firemen in white caps and red shirts now filed in, and their approach was greeted with demonstrations of joy by the audience. Each man bore upon his shoulder a bright hammer, and upon reaching his appointed place an anvil equally lustrous stood before him. When all was ready the orchestra struck up the prelude, and at the proper time the chorus took up its part. The hundred anvils, the big drum, the great organ, the thousand instruments and the ten thousand voices all joined together to produce a grand and thrilling result.

Such masterly performances as these were not without their effect upon the audience. Thousands of handkerchiefs waved in the air, and thousands of voices cried : " Bravo ! " " Bravo ! " All outward cares and troubles were forgotten, and each yielded himself up to the joy of the moment. A sense of relief at escaping from the perplexities and trials of daily life stole into each breast, and hearts beat in sympathy with each grand strain. Thoughts which, if awakened at all in the busy scenes of life had been instantly stifled, now held undisputed sway, and the starting tear-drop spoke more eloquently of the power of music than did the most vociferous applause.

When national hymns were rendered, the audience was invited to join, and it can be truly said that forty thousand, yea, fifty thousand voices, united in the grand anthems which swelled heavenward in a vast peal of harmony.

Saturday forenoon was devoted to the children, and the sight presented within the hall was truly a beautiful one. Sixteen thousand bright and happy faces were grouped in the chorus galleries, and sixteen thousand sweet voices rose exultantly upon the air in praise of our fair land of harmony.

Amid acclamations from the people, and praises from critics all over the land, the National Peace Jubilee was brought to a close, and strangers returned to their distant homes feeling well repaid for any privations they might have undergone in order to be present.

In 1872 preparations were made for a World's Peace Jubilee, and the best instrumental and vocal talent of Europe came to assist. The arrangements were on a much larger and grander scale than the jubilee of '69, and the Bostonians neglected nothing which could in any way add to the general effect. The galleries accommodated twenty thousand singers, and a large and enthusiastic audience from day to day assembled in the extensive building.

It is to be hoped that on the 12th day of February, 1880, the children of our public schools may in a measure imitate these grand Jubilees. May they unite their sweet voices in happy song and joyful praise. May nationalities, denominations and creeds be forgotten, and may all, both old and young, endeavor to make the 12th of February a day which shall long be remembered and cherished as one of the bright spots in a world which to so many is clouded with sorrow and disappointment.

--IDA I. VOAK.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

FEBRUARY 12, 1881.

1. READING OF THE MEMORIAL, FORTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
2. SINGING—" *Hail Columbia.*"
3. SINGING—*1st and 2d verses National Anthem.*
4. READING THE POEM—" *Abraham Lincoln.*"
5. SINGING—*3d and 4th verses National Anthem.*
6. READING OF ESSAY—" *Our Country's Defenders.*"
7. SINGING—*5th, 6th and 7th verses National Anthem.*
8. READING—*Of Poems and Essays of former years.*
9. SINGING—" *Star Spangled Banner.*"
10. READING SELECTED COMPOSITIONS.
11. SINGING—" *My Country, 'tis of Thee.*"
12. PRESENTING THE MEMORIALS OF 1881.

Abraham Lincoln.

Far in the beauteous West,
 Where roll the prairies in grandeur,
 Calm as the face of a river,
 Where sunbeams lovingly quiver,
 Sleeps in the quiet of dreamless rest,
 Lincoln, our hero, forever.

When first the mountains were reared,
 And the lowlands stretched in their beauty,
 Came the angel of God,
 To plant in the western sod,
 Seed of Freedom — by tyrants feared,
 Doom of Slavery's rod.

Forth from the seed he came,
 Ripened in Destiny's sunshine,
 Fruit of the distant ages,
 Ideal of poets and sages,
 And on as he moved was writ his fame
 In History's brightest pages.

Breaker of chains was he,
 From the limbs of a race down trodden,
 Strong in his faith to save,
 In spirit unflinching and brave,
 His title to honor, all time shall be
 The broken bonds of the slave.

Earnest and hopeful and true,
 He saw through the mists of the future,
 Calmly adjusted the strife,
 When traitor rebellion was rife,
 And led the nation in honor anew,
 Through the portals of death unto life.

And when his great task was done,
 And the light of our morning was breaking,
 Treason with murderous hand,
 At ruthless fury's command,
 Struck with foul blow our chosen one,
 The savior of the land.

Softly we bore him home,
 With the mantle of Martyrdom o'er him,
 Calmly he rests there now,
 In the shade of the laurel bough,
 And the love of a nation forms a dome,
 To cover his patient brow.

Long heard shall be his renown,
 As the ceaseless voice of the ocean ;
 With solemn, majestic chime,
 'Twill sweep through the shades of time,
 And the future bowing, shall grant him the crown
 Of destiny sublime.

—ROWLAND B. MAHANY.

Our Country's Defenders.

There was quiet over all the land,—the ominous portentous calm that precedes the storm. One sharp report breaks the lethargic stillness, and the horror-stricken cry bursts from a myriad throats, "Sumter has been fired upon!" But though fired upon, all was not lost while men with the cool courage of Anderson, the enthusiasm of Ellsworth, and the hardihood of Wilson remained. There was no trembling, no indecision among the united people; with one accord men pledged their lives for the nation's honor.

Foremost among the sister States who promptly came to the front, stands New-York, and many of her bravest regiments came from our own Queen City. Of the earliest to respond was the 21st, whose valor was well proved in the ever-memorable battles of South Mountain, Antietam, and Gettysburg.

With flying-colors next came the gallant 49th, supporting Hancock, toiling in the Chickahominy campaign, arriving at Gettysburg after the terrible seven days' march, and fighting under Sheridan in the Shenandoah.

Next advanced the 100th through smoke and fire to Richmond, and to Seven Pines, making the most brilliant charge of the War under the eye of Grant himself, and among those who witnessed the dying struggles of the Confederacy.

The brave Germans of Wiedrich's Battery then thundered along, engaging in battle at Cross Keys, under Fremont, at Bull Run, Chancellorsville, and at all the great battles of the War.

The 116th was brilliantly successful in its first battle, in the Shenandoah Valley, at Cedar Creek under the fiery Sheridan.

Both Eaton's and Wheeler's Batteries did good and faithful service to the end of the War.

The 155th served with the Army of the Potomac, and the 187th worked nobly in the defense.

The Ellsworth Regiment of Fire Zouaves went down with their young leader whose untimely death, and the swift retribution of his avenger, roused to a white heat the patriotic indignation of the country.

The colored regiment of the 54th Massachusetts, under the noble Shaw, showed their metal and determination.

Regiment after regiment poured forth from Massachusetts, and the Eastern States, from Ohio, and Michigan, with the hardy hunters of the Western frontier.

On the sea our supremacy was maintained by Farragut on the flag-ship "*Hartford*," and by Worden on the "*Monitor*."

Not without terrible sacrifice did these brave men keep their pledged faith to the Union.

The 3d Michigan at Fair Oaks received its "baptism of fire," while attacking the enemy, and again at Cold Harbor with the Ohio and New-York regiments. The loss of life and the sufferings of the wounded were greater than words can convey.

At Vicksburg, Fredericksburg, and Savage Station, the blood of the loyal cried out for vengeance on the heads of those who caused such bitter woe and anguish.

At last the sublime romance, and the terrible reality of war ended, when under the old apple-tree the rebel commander, Lee, acknowledged the defeat of the Southern armies, and surrendered to Grant.

And now looking back upon what they did for us, it is not right that they who suffered so much that we might enjoy the blessings and the privileges of liberty, should be forgotten, or their memory lightly regarded.

With reverence, with loving admiration, with just pride, we look upon and honor them, the Defenders of our Country.

EMMA S. E. SALES.

In his last will, Mr. Francis bequeathed to the trustees of the Lincoln Birthday Association his valuable collection, and also a fund, which included all of his estate, excepting the bequests to relatives; and it is desired by many of his friends that eventually the fund will be used for the erection of a handsome monument to Lincoln, upon some of our beautiful squares.



The following is a copy of the original Memorial to the Forty-third Congress, also a list of the signatures to the Alternate Memorial:

Memorial.

SENATE AND HOUSE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:

For ages it has been the custom of people and nations to hold in dear remembrance the name of Him whose life was devoted to His kind and His country.

To him who proclaimed the Declaration of Independence a living reality, eternal "remembrance."

On the Twelfth Day of February, 1809, the soul of ABRAHAM LINCOLN was launched into time.

We, the undersigned, do petition your honorable Assembly, the Senate and House of Representatives, that you do nominate and appoint the Twelfth Day of February a "Legal Holiday," that a universal people may rejoice together in this great gift of God to man.

<i>Alabama,</i>	JOSEPH WARREN.	<i>North Carolina,</i>	O. P. RAMSDELL.
<i>Arkansas,</i>	JOHN S. NOYES.	<i>Ohio,</i>	HENRY W. BURT.
<i>California,</i>	PETER PAUL.	<i>Oregon,</i>	H. UTLEY.
<i>Connecticut,</i>	JOSEPH DART.	<i>Pennsylvania,</i>	M. P. BUSH.
<i>Delaware,</i>	A. ALTMAN.	<i>Alaska,</i>	O. H. MARSHALL.
<i>Florida,</i>	HIRAM BARTON.	<i>Dakota,</i>	W. C. FRANCIS.
<i>Georgia,</i>	LEWIS L. HODGES.	<i>ONE COUNTRY,</i>	JULIUS E. FRANCIS.
<i>Illinois,</i>	P. EMSLIE.	<i>Indian Territory,</i>	ELIJAH HADLEY.
<i>Indiana,</i>	JACOB BEYER.	<i>Rhode Island,</i>	B. C. RUMSEY.
<i>Iowa,</i>	THEO. BUTLER.	<i>South Carolina,</i>	FRED'K HELD.
<i>Kansas,</i>	JOSEPH C. BARNES.	<i>Tennessee,</i>	ROBERT DENTON.
<i>Kentucky,</i>	N. K. HALL.	<i>Texas,</i>	W. H. PEABODY.
<i>Louisiana,</i>	HENRY M. KENT.	<i>Vermont,</i>	PASCAL P. PRATT.
<i>Maine,</i>	WM. H. GREENE.	<i>Virginia,</i>	CHARLES W. EVANS.
<i>Maryland,</i>	ISAAC M. SCHERMERHORN.	<i>West Virginia,</i>	V. R. HOTCHKISS.
<i>Massachusetts,</i>	FRED. L. DANFORTH.	<i>Wisconsin,</i>	J. RIEFFENSTAHL.
<i>Michigan,</i>	WALTER CARY.	<i>Arizona,</i>	WILSON S. BISSELL.
<i>Minnesota,</i>	J. M. HUMPHREY.	<i>Colorado,</i>	ALEXANDER BRUSH.
<i>Mississippi,</i>	GEO. MEACHAM.	<i>District of Columbia,</i>	GEO. R. BABCOCK.
<i>Missouri,</i>	ORLANDO ALLEN.	<i>Idaho,</i>	JOHN WILKESON.
<i>Nebraska,</i>	F. S. PEASE.	<i>Montana,</i>	J. P. DUDLEY.
<i>Nevada,</i>	L. J. FLETCHER.	<i>New Mexico,</i>	S. F. MIXER.
<i>New Hampshire,</i>	E. G. SPAULDING.	<i>Utah,</i>	G. R. WILSON.
<i>New Jersey,</i>	OLIVER G. STEELE.	<i>Washington,</i>	C. G. FLINT.
<i>New York,</i>	LYMAN K. BASS.	<i>Wyoming,</i>	A. T. CHESTER.

ALTERNATES.

<i>Alabama,</i>	FRANK C. MANNING.	<i>Montana,</i>	DANIEL DESBECKER
<i>Arizona,</i>	PAUL B. DENTON.	<i>Nebraska,</i>	A. L. WARNER.
<i>Arkansas,</i>	A. T. KETCHAM.	<i>Nevada,</i>	BEN. C. RALPH.
<i>California,</i>	GEO. REIMANN.	<i>New Hampshire,</i>	SAMUEL HIGGINS.
<i>Colorado,</i>	CHARLES P. NORTON.	<i>New Jersey,</i>	CHARLES E. PIERCE.
<i>Connecticut,</i>	FRED. W. DANFORTH.	<i>New Mexico,</i>	GEO. B. WEBSTER.
<i>Dakota,</i>	E. H. GILBERT.	<i>New-York,</i>	JAMES S. METCALFE.
<i>Delaware,</i>	WM. E. LAMB.	<i>North Carolina,</i>	EUGENE E. STORCK.
<i>District of Columbia,</i>	WILLIS G. GREGORY.	<i>Ohio,</i>	CHARLES D. KARR.
<i>Florida,</i>	WM. R. AREY.	<i>ONE COUNTRY,</i>	FRANK C. GILBERT.
<i>Georgia,</i>	JAMES A. HENRY.	<i>Oregon,</i>	HARRY L. DAW.
<i>Idaho,</i>	WILL S. ALLEN.	<i>Pennsylvania,</i>	WM. L. MARCY.
<i>Illinois,</i>	SEWARD A. SIMONS.	<i>Rhode Island,</i>	SIMON FLEISCHMAN.
<i>Indiana,</i>	JOHN FERO.	<i>South Carolina,</i>	C. H. ELDREDGE.
<i>Iowa,</i>	JOHN G. PARSONS.	<i>Tennessee,</i>	JAMES P. KOINE.
<i>Kansas,</i>	PERRY C. REYBURN.	<i>Texas,</i>	WALTER CARY, JR.
<i>Kentucky,</i>	JEROME PIERCE.	<i>Utah,</i>	LOUIS A. BULL.
<i>Louisiana,</i>	HENRY SCHWARTZ.	<i>Vermont,</i>	M. EMMETT TABER.
<i>Maine,</i>	ALBERT W. SHAW.	<i>Virginia,</i>	H. SIDWAY.
<i>Maryland,</i>	JOSEPH C. DODGE.	<i>Washington,</i>	MOSES SHIRE.
<i>Massachusetts,</i>	EDGAR H. CHAPIN.	<i>West Virginia,</i>	LOUIS KISH.
<i>Michigan,</i>	WM. LANG.	<i>Wisconsin,</i>	ROBERT N. LOOMIS.
<i>Minnesota,</i>	CHARLES BULL.	<i>Wyoming,</i>	FRANK DANFORTH.
<i>Mississippi,</i>	PERCY EATON.	<i>Alaska,</i>	CHARLES D. SANBORN.
<i>Missouri,</i>	WM. F. STRASMER.	<i>Indian Territory,</i>	LEON BROCK.

With this collection is a marble bust and oil portrait of Mr. Francis.

The room in which the Francis Collection is placed is open to the public.



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